And here is come to doe some villanous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague* :
Can vengeance be pursu'd further then death ?
Condemned Villaine, I doe apprehend thee.
Obey and goe with me, for thou must dye.

Ro. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flye hence and leaue me, thinke vpon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
Put not another sinne vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, O be gone,
By Heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercie bid thee runne away.

Par. I doe defie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee Boy.

Page O, Lord, they fight, I will goe call the watch.

Par. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

Ro. In faith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutio's Kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue marryed *Iuliet*,
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes Booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue; O no, A Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:
For here lyes *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lye thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,

Haue they beene merrie? which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a Lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the Honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy beautie :
Thou art not conquer'd, beauties ensigne yet
Is Crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tibalt lyest thou there in thy bloudy sheet?
O what more fauour can I doe to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To sunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*.
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
And neuer from this palace of dimme night
Depart againe; here, here will I remayne,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaydes : O here
Will I set vp my euerlasting rest :
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres
From this World-wearied flesh, eyes looke your last :
Armes take your last embrace : And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingrossing death :
Come bitter conduct, come vnsauourie guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rockes, thy Sea-sicke weary Barke :
Here's to my Loue. O true Apothecary;
Thy Drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I dye.

Enter Frier *with Lanthorne, Crow and Spade.*

Fri. Saint *Francis* be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?